

## TIME FOR REJOICING

ALL Russia was rejoicing. The Czar was pouring up and down his palatial library, his face wreathed in smiles, and a pleasing and satisfied look in his bright, blue eyes. The Czarina was the picture of happiness itself, as she lounged beneath the old-gold tapestries in her boudoir, a flush of ecstasy standing out on the cheeks that were usually so pallid.

Outside the colossal palace the Czar's subjects were humming merry anthems of praise. The kiltshas that hurried to and fro held only cheerful occupants who had tidings of gladness for everyone whom they encountered. Kiosks were beautifully decorated.

The good news had spread from the borders of Hungary to the Black Sea.

The peasants forgot their hard struggles for the right to exist, and were filled with gratification at the message which had gone forth from the palace. Patriarchs and the nobility were raising glasses of kumiss and toasting their grand rulers. All was gaiety where before dreary silence and expectancy had reigned. The black cloud which had been hovering for so many years over the Great Bear had melted into sunshine, and its golden effulgence lit up the broad, northward countenances.

And strangers who happened into the land added the cause of all this hilarity, this dissipation of sorrow and gravity. Had the war eventually ended?

Not at all. The little "Caedine" Alexis had just donned his first pair of pants.

The small boy had been thoughtful for some minutes. Presently he came to the point.

"Mother, I've been thinking about whippings. I don't believe they do any good at all. You only remember the spanking, and always forget what it was for."

## A CASE OF HABIT

BURTON HOLMES was once asked by a friend if it was not tiresome to deliver the same lecture thirty or forty times. He usually has five lectures each season, and during the winter he lectures eight or ten times a week.

"It is not particularly tiresome to me," replied Mr. Holmes. "I can't speak for the audience. You, too, after I have repeated a lecture a dozen times it becomes a habit with me, and I can start the talk and then go away and leave my face. It will finish the lecture all right without any further help from me."

"It is all a habit. I am like a fellow I heard about out in Kansas. He moved back and forth between his farm in Kansas and the home of his wife's people in Missouri, making the journey in a covered wagon, or prairie schooner, so often that his chickens became accustomed to the trip. And when they saw the canvas cover stretched over the wagon they knew that they were to move, and would be down in the yard on their backs and cross their legs to be fed."

"I see the Smiths are going to make a tour of California," remarked her husband. "Yes," said Mrs. Newcomb. "You hear of lots of people nowadays with a touring machine."

## DICTIONARY FOR EVERY-DAY USE

Reiteration—Sticking to a lie.  
Lake—A pond magnified for advertising purposes.  
Convict—A fellow-criminal who has been caught.  
Egg—A hen's effort to atomize something up the garden.  
Lay—The interval between milks.  
Trump—A rum who ought, with it, he didn't have to live up to his contract with the comic papers.  
Infant—A child with an adult's lungs.  
Lumby—A place where a fire changes partners.  
Embury—The whitewashing of the dead.

Gerald: "You are a peach."  
Geraldine: "You'll have to get dressed before you don't want to rub the dress."

## THE SOUL OF HONESTY

CONGRESSMAN J. ADAM BODE was consulting with President Roosevelt about springing a minor federal appointment in the Minnesota district which he represents. After making several inquiries about the man the President abruptly said: "Is he an honest man?"  
An honest man? returned Mr. Bode. Why, yes, here, Mr. President, that man wouldn't rob a railroad company—not if he had the chance!"

## SANTA CLAUS' PROBLEM

By Wallace Irwin

Old Santa Claus sat in his swivel-back chair  
Compiling a list of each suitable present.  
He twisted his beard and he ruffled his hair  
And scowled at his job—though he should have looked pleasant.  
He said: "I am sure  
That a child of the poor  
Will smile at my jumping-jacks, wagons or blocks,  
At doll's-house or gun,  
But what under the sun  
Can I give to the heir of J. Rothschild de Rocks?"

"The grocery man's son who lives over the shop  
Will coo at a go-cart and think it a dandy.  
The coal-mine's son will shout joy at his top,  
And revel for hours in a package of candy.  
But how shall I fare  
To the small millionaire  
Whose toys come by gross and candy by box,  
Who's a wise little guy  
And knows far more than I—  
Oh, what shall I give to young Rothschild de Rocks?"

"Twas the morning of Yule in the grocery man's shop  
Where a child plied his go-cart with boisterous rejoicing,  
While the coal-mine's boy with his twenty-cent top  
In a series of whoops was hilarity voicing.  
And little girl Moll  
Her machinery made doll  
Was ardently dressing from hair-bow to socks,  
And to each girl and boy  
There was nothing but joy,  
Except in the house of J. Rothschild de Rocks.

Here a load-load of bonbons, a cart-load of toys,  
In every device of mechanic invention,  
Real engines with whistles for making real noise  
And fly-wheels and cogs too ingenious to mention.  
Then an auto in green  
And a flying machine  
And a sixty-foot yacht which swung proud in the locks,  
"I am sure this is kind,  
But I did hope to find  
Something novel in toys," wailed young Rothschild de Rocks.

Old Santa Claus said on the day after Yule  
"I've peddled my toys over a circuit extensive,  
They let me off medium cheap as a rule.  
But that infant de Rocks was a wee bit expensive.  
It's a fault of his birth  
That he wants the whole earth.  
But I can't afford railroads or Standard Oil stocks—  
So this leads me to fear  
That at Christmas next year  
I'll have to cut out little Rothschild de Rocks."

## SAFE AND SOUND CASHIER

SO you think the cashier of the Steenth Bank is all right, do you?" asked a stockholder.

"Yes," said the bank examiner, "when I call on him and examine the books he doesn't notice if he was specially glad to see me."

## WHY THEY MARRY WIDOWS

WHY is it that so many men marry widows?" asked the young man with the impatient mustache.  
"Well," ventured the girl with the gum, "I guess it's because they don't know enough to hide when they see one."

## SAVE A LITTLE CHRISTMAS

By Louis E. Thayer

Christmas time's coming, and you better get in line;  
Look a bit more cheery, as you give the countersign.  
Make your handshake warmer, and your smile a bit more bright—  
When you exchange on Christmas day, you want to do it right.  
For go in, make things a bit less hard, everybody's glad  
To be in and scatter sundries, don't be gloomy like an old  
Make everybody happy, even as happy as can be—  
But don't hang all your presents on the Christmas tree!

Save a little cheerfulness to scatter through the year  
Save a few kind words to say, such as dry the tear.  
Save a few kind words to do when chance comes by an' by—  
You can use a little Christmas if you have it, my July!  
Just show your friends you love 'em by the thoughtful gifts you give;  
Let the warmth of your sincerity touch all with whom you live.  
Till the grown-folks chatter childlike in their pleasure and their glee;  
But don't hang all your presents on the Christmas tree!

Save a few small tokens of the happy Christmas tide,  
Wrap them up in evergreen and put them all one side.  
You can use them later, and they'll bring a thrill of cheer  
To some heart that mourns in anguish that the world is cold and drear.  
Just try this plan one Christmas, and you'll find more good is done.  
By sowing cheer to scatter on the course the year must run.  
Then by celebratin' Christmas without thoughts of days to be,  
An' by hangin' all your presents on the Christmas tree.

## THREW AWAY HIS TEA

MAYOR WEAVER of Philadelphia tells of an encounter that took place between Dr. Swallow, the Prohibitionist candidate for the presidency, and a laborer, whom the doctor chanced to observe one day in Harrisburg.

The doctor had noticed sticking from the laborer's pocket a black bottle of a prodigious size.

Whereupon the advocate of temperance stopped in his walk and engaged the man in conversation. He pictured the misery that resulted from the bottle, and earnestly begged the laborer to forego the consumption of its contents. So fervidly did Dr. Swallow put the case that the man was much impressed, and in response to his urgent request broke the bottle upon the ground. Then, as a reward, the temperance advocate gave the good man a quarter wherewith to "buy something better to drink."

The man went off, and to the great dismay and disgust of the doctor immediately entered a saloon.

When he had come out, the doctor again accosted him, asking why he had spent the money for drink.

"Well, me good sir," replied the laborer, "I thought it was drink ye wanted me to buy; for the stuff that I threw away was cold tea."

Benham: "The hairs of our heads are all numbered."

Mrs. Benham: "At the rate you are getting bald, you'll soon have to look out for number one."

## A CHRISTMAS DIALOGUE

DEAREST," began the good husband pleasantly, "isn't there one thing you can think of that I can buy you for Christmas?"

"Not a single thing," replied the contented wife, swinging to and fro in her wicker rocker. "Unless, perhaps, you get me a pair of Salsburg vases for the parlor mantel; or a silver candleholder; or a cut-glass fruit jar for the sideboard; and a deli fish-dish for that second shelf in my glass closet; or perhaps a new oak secretary for my lounge-room; and a few Sperry rugs; then you know my automobile is six months old, and there is a new style coming in that I ought to have; or you might give me a dozen bottles of perfume with a patent atomizer; or a new golf outfit; then too I need white shades for the bedrooms; and I could just make use of a few more opera gloves and some new feathers for my hat. And if you like you could buy me a new set of furs and a box or two of gloves and a new piano."

"But other than these things, love, there is hardly a thing I can think of for you to buy me for Christmas."

De style. "That must have been a great foot-ball game. What was the score?"  
Gambler: "Four deflections to two fractures."

## BRANDED ON HIS MEMORY

THERE is a corporal in one of the best infantry regiments in the regular army who has one lesson branded on his memory with words of fire—the lesson that nervousness can be trained or uttered by any soldier for being untidy or unclean.

The Colonel was going down the line on a tour of inspection, and noticed a Corporal with soiled gloves. He said: "Corporal, that is setting a bad example to the men, wearing soiled gloves. Why do you do that?"

"I've had no pay for three months, sir, and I can't afford to hire washing done."

Looking from one of his pockets a pair of soiled white gloves, the Colonel looked sternly at the Corporal, saying:

"But in these gloves I washed them myself."

Mrs. Benham: "Some people have eyes and see not, and ears and hear not."

Benham: "But never tongues and talk not."

## NEW KIND OF BAIT

FRANK R. STOCKTON used to tell a story of finding a boy on the bank of a stream holding his pole for an over the water and waiting patiently for a bite.

"How far is it to the lake above here?" asked Stockton.

"About two miles," answered the boy indistinctly, apparently with his mouth full of food.

"What have you got in your mouth?" was the next question.

"Worms, sir."

"Well," said the novelist, "this is the first time I ever heard of a fellow fishing with baited breath."